The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13.

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Down into the Dust.

Is it worth while that we jostle a brother,
Bearing his load on the rough road of life?
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other
In blackness of heart?—that we war to the knife?
God pity us all in our pitiful strife.

God pity us all as we jostle each other,
God pardon us all for the triumphs we feel
When a fellow goes down 'neath his load on the heather,
Pierced to the heart; words are keener than steel,
And mightier far for woe or for weal.

Were it not well, in this brief little journey
On over the isthmus, down into the tide,
We give him a fish instead of a serpent,
Ere folding the hands to be and abide
Forever and aye in dust at his side?

Look at the roses saluting each other!
Look at the herds all at peace on the plain;
Man, and man only, makes war on his brother,
And laughs in his heart at his peril and pain;
Shamed by the beast that go down on the plain.

Is it worth while that we battle to humble
Some poor fellow soldier down into the dust?
God pity us all! Time oft soon will tumble
All of us together like leaves in a gust,
Humbled indeed down into the dust. *Joaquin Miller.*

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow; and, driving o'er the fields
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air
Hides, hills, and woods, the river and the heaven,
And veils the farmhouse at the garden's end.
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace enclosed
In the tumultuous privacy of storm,
Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Speak kindly to the erring!
Thou yet may'st lead them back
With holy words and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.
Forget not thou has often sinned,
And sinful yet may be;
Deal gently with the erring one,
As God hath dealt with thee.

Bessie's Sabbath School.

ONE cold wintry Sabbath morning, Bessie Clark sat by the window of her comfortable home, looking out upon the ground and trees, which were, but a few months ago, beautifully clothed with green grass and leaves, but were now covered only with snow and ice. Very dismal indeed it looked to Bessie, and more than usually so this morning: for she was feeling rather dull and gloomy; and you know when we are unhappy, nothing looks so pleasant to us as it does when we are ourselves cheerful and joyous.

Bessie used to be a very active, happy child: but about two years before, when she was scarcely ten years old, she met with an accident, which caused her to be very ill for some time; and now, although she was a great deal better, so that she could walk around the room, and sit up the most of the time, yet she was unable to go out of doors at all, except in very warm, pleasant weather. Her parents and brother were getting ready to go to church and Sabbath School, and she was feeling rather badly because she was not able to go with them. But Bessie was trying to be a good little girl, and to love Jesus, and be like him; so she did not murmur or complain, but sat silently looking out of the window. There was a small pond of water a little ways off; and as Bessie looked towards the pond, which was frozen over so it looked like a sheet of ice, she saw a number of little girls and boys there, play-

ing with their sleds, and sliding upon the ice.

Bessie had been taught to "remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy;" and it grieved her to see the children indulging themselves in their rude sports upon that day.

While she looked at them, a bright idea came into her mind. Those little children could not attend Sabbath School any more than she could: for their parents were poor, and they had no way to go except to walk; and the Sabbath School was so far away, that they could not do that; and then they had no suitable clothing to wear.

Bessie's idea was to have them come there to her home while her parents and brother were away, and have a little Sabbath School there. With her, to think was to act as far as she was able: so, turning to her mother, who had just come into the room, she said.

'O, mamma! I have just thought of something. I was looking over toward the pond; and I saw Carrie and Willie, and five or six other children, playing on the ice. Now, they can not go to Sabbath School, you know; and so they amuse themselves with their rough plays on Sunday the same as any other day. I have been thinking, that, if brother Albert would go over and ask them to, I am sure they would come in here after you are gone; and we would have a little Sabbath School here. Mayn't he go and ask them to come, mamma?"

Mrs. Clark smiled at her daughter's eagerness, and asked her what her object was in doing so, and if she was not afraid it would tire her.

"Oh, no, mamma! I am sure it would not tire me; and it would amuse me, and keep them out of mischief, for a little time at least; and perhaps I could do them some good. You know they love to hear me play on my organ; and I could play and sing, and teach them some of our beautiful hymns; and then I could tell them about the Saviour; and I would give them some of my Scripture-cards and little papers too; you know I have a great many little papers and cards which I have read over and over; but they would be as good as new ones for them. And, if I succeed, I will keep it up all winter; and I shall not be so lonely when you are all away."

Mrs. Clark kindly consented to Bessie's plan; and Albert went over to the pond and told the children that Bessie wanted them to come over there and have a little Sabbath School. Some of the older children had been to the village school a few times, and they had told the others about it; so they were all very willing and eager to go. Soon after her parent's departure, Bessie was gratified by seeing quite a little company of children coming. She met them at the door, and led them into the pleasent sitting-room. Some of them were a little bashful at first; but Bessie was so kind, that they soon felt at their ease; and they passed a very pleasant and profitable hour.

Bessie played and sang for them, and some of the children sang some with her; and then she showed them pictures in her papa's large illustrated Bible, and explained them to the little ones. She talked to them a little about being good, and loving the Saviour; and gave them each a card with a verse of Scripture printed on it, which she requested them to learn, and repeat to her the next Sabbath. Then they sang again, and Bessie gave them each a little paper; and, soon after they took their leave, promising to come again the next Sabbath.

The Sabbath school proved such a success, that it was kept up all winter; and thus Bessie did a great deal of good by faithfully doing what she could.—*Well Spring.*

Getting a Good Place.

I saw a young man in the office of a western railway superintendent. He was occupying a position that four hundred boys in the city would have wished to get. It was honorable and "it paid well," besides being in line of promotion. How did he get it? Not by having a rich father, for he was the son of a laborer. The secret was, his beautiful accuracy. He began as an errand boy, and did his work accurately. His leisure time was used in perfecting his writing and arithmetic. After a while he learned to telegraph, At each step his employer commended his accuracy, and relied on what he did because he was sure it was just right. And it is thus with every occupation. The accurate boy is the favored one. Those who employ men do not wish to be on the constant look-out, as though they were rogues or fools. If a carpenter must stand at his journeyman's elbow to be sure his work is right, or if the cashier must run over the book-keeper's columns, he might as well do the work himself as to employ another to do it in that way; it is very certain that an employer will get rid of such an inaccurate workman as soon as possible.

I knew such a young man. He had a good

chance to do well, but he was so inaccurate and unreliable the people were afraid to trust him. If he wrote a deed, or a mortgage, or a contract, he was sure to leave out something or put in something to make it an imperfect paper. He was a lawyer without business, because he lacked the noble quality of accuracy. Just across the street from him was another young lawyer, who was proverbial for accuracy. He was famous for searching titles, and when he wrote out the history of a title to a piece of property, it was taken for granted it was just so. His aim was, absolute accuracy in everything. If he copied a conveyance, cited a legal authority, or made a statement, he aimed to do it exactly. The consequence is, he is having a valuable practice at the bar, and is universally esteemed.

"But," says some boy, "when I become a man that is the way I shall do. I mean to be very accurate."

Perhaps so. I could tell better if I knew just how you do your work now. There are several ways of getting a lesson. One is to get it "tolerably well," which does not cost much labor; the other way is, to get it faultlessly well, which costs a great deal of labor. A boy can get a general idea of his lesson very soon, but to get it with accuracy is very hard, and requires both time and industry. If you, my boy, to-day are getting your lesson in the slipshod way, you will grow up a slip-shod man; but if to-day your habit is to get every lesson with perfect accuracy, I will warrant you will do that way when you become a man.

The Storm.

WRITTEN BY A CHILD TEN YEARS OLD.

The hail was beating on the pane
The snow was blocking up the lane,
The wind was howling bitterly
When from the street there came a cry.

It was a woman very poor,
Who thus had wander'd o'er the moor,
She had within her arms a child,
They were with hunger almost wild,

She held it neath her tattered shawl,
And sheltered it beside the wall.
Next morning when the sun shone bright
There were two less to need its light.

Two Little Keys.

Hearts, like doors, can open with ease
To very, very little keys;
And don't forget that two are these;
"I thank you sir," and "If you please."

The Mirror.

The Bible is represented under different figures, and one of them is that of a mirror, or looking-glass that we may behold ourselves, so we can look into the Bible, and there see a faithful likeness presented. And what is indeed strange, we are there seen, not only as we are, but as we ought to be. Now take this mirror, and see if you can trace your own likeness.

WHAT EVERY CHILD OUGHT TO BE.

A—Amiable.....Phil. iv. 8
B—Benevolent.....Prov. xxii 9.
C—Contented.....Prov. xv. 16.
D—Diligent.....Prov. xxii 29
E—Eager to obtain knowledge. Prov. xxxii 5
F—Forgiving.....Eph. iv. 32.
G—Gentle.....2 Tim. ii. 24.
H—Honest.....Ex. xx. 15.
I—Industrious.....Eph. iv. 28
J—Just.....Prov. xi. 1.
K—Kind.....Gal. vi. 10.
L—Loving.....Eph. v. 2.
M—Meek.....Eph. iv. 2.
N—Noticing.....Ps. cvii. 43.
O—Obedient.....Rom. xiii. 7.
P—Pious.....Prov. viii. 7.
Q—Quick.....Ps. cix. 60,
R—Regardful.....John x. 4 5.
S—Sincere.....Titus ii. 7.
T—Truthful.....Eph. iv 26.
U—Useful.....1 Cor. xv. 58.
V—Virtuous.....Eph. iv, 29.
W—Wise.....Prov. x. 1.
Y—Yielding to good counsel..Prov. xix. 20.
Z—Zealous in a good cause....Titus ii. 14.

We shall find by looking over the biographies of the great men of every age, that those who possessed the clearest and most powerful minds neither drank spirits, nor indulged in the pleasures of the table. Sir Isaac Newton, Dr. Franklin, John Wesley, Pres. Edwards, and Abraham Lincoln, furnish striking illustrations of this truth.

A LITTLE boy who attended a temperance meeting was asked by his father when he returned, "Have you learned anything, my boy?" "Yes, father, I have. I have learned never to put strong drink to my lips; for it has killed fifty thousand persons annually, and how do I know that it will not kill me?"

Our Family Cares.

Dear pussy and I, do certainly try,
To look very happy indeed
But all of you know, that 'tis some of it show
For we've three little kittens to feed,

Each day has its care. We have to prepare,
Three meals to keep kittens in food
As soon as they wake, they are ready to take
Their breakfast, warm, hearty, and good.

Sometimes the old cat, will bring in a rat
And try to make peace with them so.
But they look with contempt, upon the attempt
And up their backs suddenly go.

Then I get the can, and out in their pan
I give them some milk for their food,
And old pussy and I, sit quietly by,
While they drink it, as if it were good.

E. M. B.

For the Myrtle.

True Prosperity.

"SOMETHING tells me that the ship will come to-day," said Aleck to his sister, as together by the shore they turned their eyes out on the long unbroken blue of sea and sky.

"What is it Aleck?"

"I do not know, Gertie. Of course no person, for no one knows more about it than you and I. And no mermaid has been up from the sea whispering secrets to me."

"Then why do you think they are coming?"

"I have told you. I do not know *why* I think so. But I do.'

"I read the other day of a man who could see what was taking place hundreds of miles away from him. You have not that strange gift have you?"

"Oh no, Gertie. I do not see the ship with my natural eyes, and yet something tells me that it is coming."

"We shall see," said Gertie, "Whether you are a prophet."

"I should not call myself a prophet if the ship should come before sunset."

"Then I don't know what a prophet is."

"Why Gertie, Isaiah and Jeremiah and those wise old worthies were prophets who saw the great world's future and announced it."

"Yes, Aleck, I know they were, but that does not prove that they were the only prophets who have ever lived in the world."

"I know that, for many people have been gifted of God with clear vision, and have become in that way the world's benefactors.

"I do not understand that it is necessary to see great things in order to be a prophet. Mother was talking with me about that the other day,

and she sent me to the dictionary to learn the exact meaning of the word, and I found that a prophet is simply 'one who foretells.'"

"Well, Gertie, let it go so then, and I will stand for a prophet, if the ship comes in before sundown.

"What do you wish for most, in the coming ship, Aleck?"

"I wish most of all that the ship shall have made a good voyage, and will come well laden with oil, for then there will be plenty of money, and we can have a winter of pleasure. Don't you wish most of all for that?"

"No Aleck, I do not think that I do."

"Why, you are a strange girl Gertie. What can you wish better than that? It seems to me that that includes all the other wishes."

"It doesn't to me."

"Well then, let us hear what my little wise sister is wishing."

"Are not lives more than money, Aleck?"

"Oh yes, of course."

"Well, then, should we not first of all, wish that all the men who went out in the ship will come back in it safely?"

"Of course Gertie. You know that I wish father's life more than anything else."

"Well then, you see that your remark was not true when you said I wish most of all, that the ship shall have made a good voyage.'"

"You need not be so very nice about words Gertie. You know there are somethings that may always be understood."

"Well Aleck, we'll set that down as one of the understood things, that father's life is dearer to you than money. Are you quite sure now that you are willing to stand by your remark, with this correction."

"Yes—I think I am," said Aleck, slowly. "I don't know of anything else except the lives that I wish for more than the money."

"I know something that I wish for a great deal more than either lives or money."

"Well, that is strange enough. What can it be Gertie?"

"I wish that father may come back as good as when he went away, and loving us as dearly."

"Why Gertie, what a curious girl you are. As if father could be changed. Has he not been away a score of times before, and always returned good and kind and loving?"

"Yes, Aleck. But we cannot in this changing world know just what is to be, by what has been, and I am resolved to pray for father, and for everyone that I love that they may get their prosperity and happiness through goodness; and never to think that any other prosperity is worth having or worth praying for."

"You are right Gertie, as you almost always are when we discuss. But hurrah! hurrah! yonder is the ship. We shall soon see whether your prayers have been answered."

E. M B.

Unfinished Still.

A baby's boot, and a skein of wool,
Faded and soiled and soft;
Odd thing, you say, and no doubt you're right,
Round a seaman's neck, this stormy night,
Up in the yards aloft,

Most like it's folly, but, mates, look here;
When first I went to sea,
A woman stood on the far-off strand,
With a wedding ring on the small, soft hand,
Which clung so close to me.

My wife, God bless her! The day before
She sat beside my foot;
And the sunlight kissed her yellow hair,
And the dainty fingers, deft and fair,
Knitted a baby's boot.

The voyage was over; I came ashore,
What, think you, found I there?
A grave the daisies had sprinkled white;
A cottage empty, and dark at night,
And this beside the chair.

The little boot, 'twas unfinished still;
The tangled skein lay near;
But the knitter had gone away to rest,
With the babe asleep on her quiet breast,
Down in the church-yard dear.

A Cistern.

"I remember once hearing a story of a prisoner who was told that the cistern which supplied him with water would never be refilled when once he had emptied it, and that he would then be left to perish with thirst. Imagine how careful he would be not to waste a drop. He would know that every cupful he drank left less behind, and he would not be able to tell how soon the supply might fail. Like that prisoner's store of water is our store of time. We daily use from it, and every day less remains. Then how careful should we be of it!"

TIME is like a river, in which metals and solid substances are sunk, while chaff and straw swim upon the surface.—*Lord Bacon.*

LITTLE FALLS, N. Y., Jan. 21, 1875.

The MYRTLE is becoming a great favorite with the young folks in our Sunday School. I think it is read with a lively interest by all. It seems to contain a variety of good matter well adapted to the juvenile mind for which it is especially designed. Our Sunday School is in a good healthy condition, having a very fair number in attendance considering that we have had no regular preaching in our church since the first of September last. Notwithstanding, the school has continued to meet promptly every Sunday under the supervision of Bro. N. B. Hyde, who is entitled to much credit for his faithfulness in the discharge of the duties of superintendent. L. O. GAY.

We have to thank Bro. Gay for the above letter, and also for the part of it which we suppress. They are our best friends who, in kindness, tell us our faults. The typographical errors, of which he complains, which unfortunately escaped the eye of our proof reader, are repented of, but we hesitate to make open confession. Let it remain an enigma, over which each of our readers may entertain themselves — What are the unconfessed sins of the MYRTLE?—ED.]

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 3, 1875.

Mr. Mrs. or Miss Editor of the Myrtle: Encouraged by your kind note, appended to my communication, inserted in the MYRTLE of January 16, I beg leave to submit that on Sunday, January 3, of the present year of Our Lord, sundry of the working members of the Church of the Messiah, headed by "Uncle George," as the children of our Sabbath School familiarly call Bro George C. Thomas, inaugurated, in what we call an uptown part of the city, where Universalism ought to abound a Mission School, under the superintendence of Mrs. John Mason, Jr., a lady of refinement and culture, and one deeply imbued with the loving spirit of Christ The school is located at the south-east corner of Seventeenth Street and Fairmont Avenue, and is styled Sabbath School of All Souls and may be said to have opened under very favorable auspices. Mrs. Mason is abetted in her noble enterprise with a corps of worthy assistants, all of whom it is hoped and trusted many long live to take pleasure in the work. She has for her assistant superintendent, Mr. Hector Mc Intosh, whose children have been nurtured in the Sabbath School of the Messiah; Frank P. Prichard, Esq., a young member of the Philadelphia Bar, Librarian; Mr. Frederick McIntosh, son of the Assist. Superintendent, and Mr. E. Greise son of the lady whose infant class of more than sixty boys and girls I invited you to call and see, are Assistant Librarians; Master Clarence Bartlett is organist - all religiously trained in the Sunday School of the Church of the Messiah. Besides these, she has eight female teachers, among whom are Mrs Dr. Brooks and the aforementioned Mrs. Greise, and four male teachers—all, excepting the two here specially named, are plants from the garden of the parent school of the Church of the Messiah; and last, though by no means the least to be appreciated, she has Miss Alice Trimbla, as musical directress, who loves to hear the children sing praises to their heavenly King. And a school register of sixty-seven.

Very truly and fraternally yours,

K. G. Y.

N. B.—With your permission I will shortly send you an account of the opening of another mission school, by our friends of the Lombard Street Church, in what is called the down-town part of the city. *K. G. Y.*

[All tidings of this character are welcome. When any new bud blossoms on our tree of life let the good news go abroad. ED]

CHARLESTON, ILL., January 18, 1875.

To the Myrtle: I write thinking it will not be out of place to let you know that we have a Universalist church and also a Sunday School in this town. We held our fourth anniversary on New Years night of this year. The house was crowded to overflowing, and many had to go away, unable to get in. The singing was splendid. The speaking was good. A nice silk banner was presented to the Banner class. This proved to be the Infant Class which had earned it by paying in the most money in three months. After these exercises were over, refreshments were served to all in the church, consisting of candies in little stocking cases, apples and pop-corn. All appeared to enjoy themselves. The church was nicely decorated. The average of our school last year was eighty-seven, and it is improving this year. Respectfully yours,

JOSEPH GRIFFETH, *Superintendent.*

Our Sunday Schools.

INDIANA.

— The Sunday School was revived at Rising Sun, the first Sunday in January, Bros. Morse, Latham and Waldo are directing it; the latter acting as temporary Superintendent. After the school closes each Sunday, the balance of the forenoon will be devoted to a social meeting, conference meeting, or teachers' meeting, as may be agreed upon from time to time. We wish the new revival great success.

WISCONSIN.

— From Racine we hear rumors of prosperity which are attested by none of the facts mentioned more than by this "a large and flourishing Sunday School has been established."

IOWA.

— From Grinnell we learn the Sunday School under the superintendency of Mrs. Clark prospers. They report a fine Christmas entertainment of which they say, "The proceeds have enabled the school to buy a fine library, to pay all its debts and a good sum is still left in the treasury."

TEXAS.

— The *Covenant* says, "We do not believe there is a place on earth where there is a Conger, where there is not a natural-born and live Universalist. A little handful of them have gone down into Waco, Texas, and this is the first tidings from them: "On Sunday, Jan. 10 1875, we met and organized a Uuiversalist Sunday School, at the Conger school house, in Waco, Texas, appointing for Superintendent, Edward D. Conger, for Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. W. H. Conger. Opening our school with teachers and eight scholars, with the aid of the *Helper* and MYRTLE, the parents forming a Bible class.

PENNSYLVANIA.

— We are all interested in tidings from the Philadhlphia Sunday School Union. The Secretary's report gave a very encouraging account of the condition of our schools. The number of scholars, officers and teachers connected with them is as follows: First Church, 141; Church of the Restoration, 175; Church of the Messiah 195; All Souls, Branch of the S. S. Church of Messiah, 61; Mission School of Lombard Street Church, 45. Total, 617 The number of volumes in the several libraries is about 2700. We have now five Universalist Sunday Schools in this city, two of which have been organized since the beginning of the new year.

MATT. xiii. 16

Blessed are your eyes for they see.

"We have had a sermon on seeing to-day Jimmy, and you ought to have heard it. I tell you so every Sunday and yet you persist in losing all these helpful sermons."

"Well, I have told you again and again, that I can't understand the ministers when they preach. So where is the use of your continually urging me to go where I am uncomfortable, and don't get any thing when I do go?"

"I shall keep urging you to go to church with me, because you could understand something every Sunday if you tried, and of some sermons, as of the one this morning. you would undersrand a great deal."

"Well, tell me what it was about, and then I shall know whether I could have understood it."

"It was about seeing."

"Seeing? That's a curious thing to preach about. What was the text?"

"It was in Matt. 13th chapter and 16th verse."

"I didn't ask you *where* it was, but *what* it was?"

"Don't be in so much of a hurry. I was going to tell you what it was if you had not interrupted me."

"Well, go on."

"The words were 'Blessed are your eyes for they see.'"

"I don't understand how very great help could come from hearing a sermon about that. I know already, that my eyes see, and that sight is a very great blessing. What more than this could the minister have told me?"

"Are you quite sure that your eyes see, all that they might, and ought to see?"

"Why yes, they see all that I put them on, and what more could I ask of them?"

"I am not so sure of that. Very few persons see all that their eyes light upon"

"I don't understand you. I am sure we do see, what we do see. How absurd it is to say that we don't."

"Well Christ is very good authority isn't he?"

"Yes."

"He talks to people to whom he says, 'hearing ye shall hear and shall not understand; and seeing ye shall see and shall not perceive."

"What does he mean by perceive?"

"That was just what the sermon was about this morning, and it was of that I wished you so much to hear.

"Can't you tell me it just as well?"

"No, not just as well. But I will do the best I can."

"Well tell it just as plain as you can, won't you Andrew for you know little boys can't understand as easy as bigger ones."

"Yes, I will take simple examples, and tell it as plain as I can. Look in the coal-hod, and tell me what you see."

"I see coal. That is not so very extraordinary a sight."

"Nothing but dead coal?"

"Nothing. What else is there to see?"

"Is there nothing in the coal?"

"Heat, I suppose."

"Why do you say 'I suppose.' Don't you *know* that there is heat in the coal?"

"Yes, I know that there is, when it is in the stove, but it does not seem very hot lying there in the coal-hod."

"You know that the stove has nothing to do with it. It is simply a place from which the heat comes."

"Then why can't I say the same of the coal?"

"Exactly so. That is the very thing that I wish you to say. Now Jimmy, where does the heat come from?"

Jimmy sat very thoughtful for a moment, and then said, "Oh Andrew tell me that. I wish very much to know where that heat does come from,"

"Where do you think all heat comes from?"

"From the sun?"

"Yes, that is true. To us it seems that it comes from the sun. Into the heart of the earth, where the coal-beds lie, long years ago, the sun whispered secrets which you and I are leaining to-day, as we sit here in this warm pleasant room. But Jimmy, who told the secret to the sun that the life of two little boys would sometime depend upon the warmth that it that day gave to the heart of the earth. In other words where did the sun get the heat that it gives to us through the coal?"

"Why Andrew, there is but one place where it could get it—and that is from God."

"Now we have found the kernel of this nut. From God then who foresaw, in the ong ago, the needs that our poor bodies would have to-day, we get all this warmth and blessing. But isn't it a lesson to learn of the process by which it has come to us? Haven't you seen something, in the coal-hod this morning, which you have never before seen there?"

"Yes, I am sure this is a wonderful sermon. One which I shall never forget."

"This is but the beginning of wonders. For if we look earnestly, we shall find some new truth waiting us where ever we seek, and be able to understand more and more every day, what our Saviour meant when he said, 'Blessed are your eyes, for they see.'"

Anagram.

Ho gilvon srwdo rea ont dhra ot ysa
Fi het rahte eb onlvig oto
Dan eth drinke het guoshhtt uyo vige ot roesht
Het rindek herit shutgoth fo uoy. — *Aunt Lettie.*

Answer to Letter Puzzle. C.

FEB 27. Sawyer.

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